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CODRON and CARA,

A

BALLAD.

By the Author of the PASTORAL BALLAD.

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CORONIS and CARA,

A

TO THE

First MUSICIAN *in* ENGLAND.

SIR,

IN just admiration of your extraordinary powers I had long meditated, and have at length (highly to my own mind) achieved the following ſtanzas; not ſo much with a view of diſplaying my own abilities, as yours.

Let the undiſcerning eye quarrel with ſuch irregularity of meaſure; already, methinks, I ſee you with the higheſt ſenſe of pleaſure review ſo ample a field before you for exerting the boundleſs variety of harmony.

How beautiful will you render every minute tranſition from the ſober to the ſprightly, from the ſwift to the ſluggiſh, from the lofty to the low!

Enough,

Enough, dear Sir! yet, forgive me, if I am bold enough to insinuate one wish, that you may reserve your finest effort for the last. Assisted by your finger, the few finishing elegiac strains, like the winding up of a true english tragedy, will please while they penetrate, will tickle while they stab; and add another instance to the many, in which the delighted world has already seen, of what consequence trifles may become when skilfully directed; and how gracefully the Sister Arts can join hands in the persons of Doctor VOLTI SUBITO, *and*

His most obedient,

most devoted,

most abandoned,

humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

CODRON and CARA.

THE Living dropt---- the reaſon why
Philoſophers ſaw clear enough;
The Parſon died ---- like you and I,
Compos'd of periſhable ſtuff.

To catch the jolly Rectory
Sly Pluraliſts their cobwebs ſpun;
But Honour bade Fidelity
Secure it for his younger ſon.

Hard by Contentment's chryſtal brook
Good-humour ſtill enjoys the ſpot;
Unnotic'd in Ambition's book;
For Envy ſearch'd, and found it not:

Nor dare the hungry ſons of Care
Hang out one crooked viſage there.

Deep in Science, deep in Sound,
Marvel of the country round,
Syntax, rough, but never rude,
Dignifies the neighbourhood;
Seldom at a night does fail
Homage to the Rector's ale:
As they ſit, and laugh, and ſmoke,
Each admiring t'other's joke,
Biſhops are inferior folk.

Now with ſlow pace, and with full pate
See him climb into the pulpit;
How he proſes on a ſunday!
How he labours on a monday!

Genius ever was a tool;
See his life's blood drawn by ounces,
Plodding in a paltry ſchool,
Teaching *hic hæc hoc* to dunces.

Yet has SYNTAX very many
Better ways to turn a penny;
Draw a tooth, or breathe a vein;
Who can do it half ſo clean?
He has noſtrums for the ſkin;
Tickles too the violin;
At a wedding how he'll fiddle!
On the Bridegroom make a riddle:

When the Rector brought his Lady,
He had many a couplet ready;
When that Lady brought a ſon,
Helter ſkelter, how they'd run!

WHITEHEAD knew, with all his ſhineſs,
How they'd fit his Royal Highneſs;
How he gain'd ſuch friends at Court;
Where he was indebted for't.

View the Church-yard, rich in rhymes,
Sad mementos of the times;
In that nook, behind the Church,
SYNTAX left his Wife i' th' lurch;
Dame SYNTAXIS there conſign'd;
Not without a couplet kind:

"*Her never ſhall return again to we!*
"*But us do hope in time to go to ſhe.*"

Ere you well can wipe your eyes,
Hark, the loving ſpouſe replies:

"*Be*

" *Be of good cheer,*
" *My Huſband dear,*
" *And preſs towards the prize:*
† " THINK, HOW THE SUN
" DOTH SET AT NOON,
" WHEN MORNING COMES TO RISE."

Frame a fiſh-net, or a ſermon,
Traps for any kind of vermin,
Nibbling rats, or conſcience biting;
Ever in good works delighting;
Play a match at fives, or cricket;
Make a foot-ball, tightly kick it,
Break your ſhin, or broken, cure it;
Where is ſuch another Curate!

But his genius ſeem'd to ſhine moſt
In the glories of a ſign-poſt:

† *Literatim.*

View yon vaſt meridian Sun,
Streaming ſuch tremendous rays,
'Tis not ſafe to look upon:
Little SYNTAX' be the praiſe.

Wonderment to all beholders,
See yon Elephant, whoſe ſhoulders
Bear a Tower of mountain-growth;
Little SYNTAX built 'em both.

When he prates of *Ins* and *Outs*,
Nobody his judgment doubts;
Lord-a-marſy! How folk ſtare,
When he tells 'em WILKES is Mayor!

Mighty Poet, Politician,
Painter, Pedagogue, Muſician,
Parſon, Rat-catcher, Phyſician,

Thy

Thy deſerts demand a volume!
Oh, forgive this little column!
Pardon this abrupt *adieu*;
Other wonders are in view.

To that delightful little Dome,
Where Virtue dwells with Peace,
Codron may uninvited roam,
And taſte of happineſs:

In every ſoothing blandiſhment
A ſhort ſweet day or two he ſpent;
Such, as he no where elſe can find;
Such, as he grieves to leave behind.

Unwelcome (as the fortieth year,
Encumber'd with a Spinſter's name,
To Chloe's kind conſenting ear)
The final fatal evening came:

Yet

Yet joy in every aſpect ſhone;
In every heart affection ſpread;
The Pedant Argument was gone
With Prude Solemnity to bed.

Mirth and Wit ſecur'd their places;
On their right hand ſat the Graces:
What a lively lovely ſet,
When with Taſte and Fancy met!

Nor Humour droops, nor Spirits fail,
Where Youth and Beauty ſmile:
The jovial jeſt, the tender tale,
As Friendſhip, or as Fun prevail,
The bliſsful hours beguile.

How ſwift wing the minutes away
In the preſence of thoſe we admire!
But, alas, how unkindly they ſtay,
When abſence awakens deſire!

Im-

Impreſs'd with happineſs they flew;
Time could no more afford:
The Ladies ſilently withdrew;
The Friends were left in different cue;
One ſigh'd, while t'other ſnor'd.

For *that* the band of wedlock held;
The ſilken cord was drawn by Love;
And *this* ſuch harmony beheld,
He wiſh'd the ſame ſoft link to prove:

The pillow is the laſt reſort
Of all that have, or languiſh for't;
Yet here the lenient hand of reſt
Apply'd no balſam to his breaſt;
Nor joy his wakeful minutes knew;
For what has fear with joy to do?

DIANA, peeping thro' the trees,
The Lover's honeſt anguiſh ſees;
Sees him tumbling on his bed;
Hears all his prayers,
His ſorrow ſhares,
But when the reſtleſs rebel ſwears,
She hides her maiden head.

Now fancy'd ſcorn he cannot brook;
Strange tortures rage—and now they ceaſe:
A Cherub draws her laſt ſweet look,
And ſmiles his paſſions into peace.

The Clock ſtruck five—the poor Cobron roſe,
And huddled on his ſcatter'd clothes;
When CARA's chamber paſſing by,
Seduc'd by curioſity,

He

He peeps,
She ſleeps;
She turns,
He burns
With fear, and hope, and eſtaſy.

Reverſe of that diſguſting ſcene,
Imagin'd by a dirty DRAM;
The more his roving eye ſurveys,
The more doth elegancy pleaſe.

Raptur'd he cries, " no bower of love
" Had ever charms like this:
" Oh, for the ſhower, the ſwan of JOVE,
" To ſnatch a godlike bliſs!"

The dreaming Fair —— as fancy leads,
(What cannot fancy do)
An ATALANTA trips the meads
A pippin to purſue.

And

And now ſhe graſps the fragrant prize;
And now a ſweeter victim lies:
She ſmil'd —— that heavenly ſmile ſuppreſt
A band of traitors in her Lover's breaſt:

Smit with the charms of Chaſtity,
He felt a finer flame;
Nor ſaw the preſent Deity,
Nor knew, from whence it came.

Ever at hand, where beauty lies,
Protection to the good;
Inviſible to human eyes,
A little legion ſtood:

More faithful than the guards of kings,
They circled round her bed;
And as they clapt their ſilky wings,
Ambroſial odours ſhed.

Upon

Upon her forehead's poliſh'd height
On tiptoe ſprung a Spirit light,
(For none but Spirits, light as air,
Could ſafely keep their footing there)
And flouriſhing his azure wand,
He thus addreſs'd a choſen band:

" Hither haſten, Brother Sprites,
" Guardians of a Maiden's nights!
" See that Monſter, male, and tall;
" Yes, I hate 'em, earth-born all!
" How he entered ---- whence he came,
" Who can tell? or what his aim?
" Should his ruffian touch invade
" Any where the ſleeping Maid,
" Arm'd with bodkins, needles, pins,
" Prick his fingers ---- prick his ſhins."

The truſty troop advance to her pillow grace,
And watch the ſacred treaſures of her face.

Some upon her eye-lids ſkip,
Others on her damaſk lip
Softly couch, and ſweetly ſip.

In ſmiles a little ſcore at leaſt,
Or dimples take repoſe;
Some perch, triumphant o'er the reſt,
Aſtraddle on her noſe.

Some baſk upon her velvet cheek,
Or, in her heavenly treſſes play
Their favourite game of hide and ſeek,
While ſome ſtroll down the milky way;

There, by ambition fir'd, they ſtrove
To mount upon an ivory throne:

Love

Love ſat and ſmil'd, for cunning Love
Had made that manſion all his own:
Whence the ſaucy Varlet view'd
More, than CARA meant he ſhou'd.

A counterpane of pureſt white,
Fring'd with ethereal blue,
To veil a thouſand charms from ſight
The Premier Spirit threw:

The counterpane with conſcious pride
Reveal'd the charms, he thought to hide;
For lo, its beauteous folds betray'd
The dear dimenſions of the Maid.

So may you ſee, by TITIAN drawn,
A VENUS ſoftly ſlumbering lie;
Looſe floats the thin tranſparent lawn,
Confeſſing the Divinity.

One

One arm around her head was twin'd,
The other, as she lay reclin'd,
Upon her bosom fell;
As marble smooth, as white as snows,
That bosom in soft movement rose,
The rest what tongue can tell:

How paint the yielding down so sleek,
Her lovely face beneath;
That rose to kiss her glowing cheek,
And catch her fragrant breath.

Codron the breath of Love with caution drew;
And silent, sigh'd a fervent prayer or two:

" Morpheus, with a gentle hand
" Exercise thy leaden wand!
" Shou'd her fancy chance to dream,
" Be Love, almighty Love, the theme;

" Oh,

" Oh, be the youth, that fires my CARA's heart,
" Completeſt maſter of the lover's art!

" Tender, ardent, and ſincere,
" Apt to ſhed the generous tear,
" When miſery complains;
" Give his honeſt heart to know
" Hopes, that in my boſom glow;
" A ſtranger to its pains:

" Circling round her lovely neck,
" Bleſt let the viſion ſeem;
" And give me, when her ſlumbers break,
" To realize the dream."

Enamour'd thus, he ſtood, he gaz'd;
Then, kindling at the view,
Her lily hand impatient ſeiz'd,

Quick to his lips the bleſſing rais'd,
And breath'd a ſoft adieu.

The fiery phalanx wheel around,
And meditate a mortal wound:

A fierce attack the deed attends;
He feels unuſual ſmart;
It enters at his finger's ends;
It tingles to his heart.

Slow, ſilent, ſolitary, ſad
Departed the love-ſtricken Lad.

And now the roſy lips of Morn
Breathe odours from the new-mown hay;
Young Zephyrs ſkim the dewy corn,
And ſport upon the lap of May.

The voice of joy ſalutes his ear;
From every ſpray ſweet raptures ſwell;
But oh ---- what joy can enter there,
Where love and diſappointment dwell?

Forlorn he mounts his tragic ſteed;
Ah, not of that celeſtial breed,
That whirls the God of day!
One of thoſe plodding penſive nags,
That without belly-timber flags,
Nor with it grows too gay.

Maſter and horſe, of the ſame mind,
Reluctantly together mov'd;
Each often caſt a look behind,
For each had left the thing he lov'd;

That mindful of the ſleeping Maid,
This, muſing on the Rector's hay,

A roguiſh ſtone rear'd up his head,
And down the doleful couple lay:

Both lay, both wallow'd in the dirt;
Both roſe again, unhelp'd, unhurt.

A Raven, perch'd on left-hand oak,
Obſerv'd 'em from the mire emerge;
And, ſoft as Balaam's aſs, his croak
Conſol'd 'em in prophetick dirge:

"Unhappy pair!---the hand of fate
"Impels ye both---yet ſcarce alive:
"Poor Tit!---I ſee, how ſhort thy date;
"Nor ſhall thy rider long ſurvive:

"Keen love ſhall pick him to the bone,
"And ſorrow round his viſage twine;
"For thee, thou little ragged Roan!
"I hope to have a taſte of thine.

"Then

" Then hear me, ever luckleſs Youth,
" Nor to the faith of woman truſt!
" Unkindneſs, with a ſerpent's tooth,
" Shall lay thy merits in the duſt.

" It is not, that thy ſoul can glow,
" Where duller ſouls wou'd only ſleep;
" That thou canſt ſympathize with woe,
" And kindly weep with all that weep;

" With undiſſembled ardor riſe
" To catch the flame, the generous prove;
" The thouſand ſenſibilities
" Of friendſhip, and exalted love.

" Ah, what avail thy gentle ſkill
" A maiden's boſom to beguile!
" That thou canſt guide a tuneful quill,
" Or bid her on the canvas ſmile!

" It is not any art, like theſe,
" That long can female friendſhip bind:
" Short is the power of love to pleaſe;
" Imperial gold ſubdues the mind.

" I know, thy CARA's ſoul ſincere
" Now ſcorns, as wealth directs, to ſtray;
" But lo, the bleſſing is not near;
" And time ſhall put it far away!

" Alas! I ſee th' accurſed hour,
" Her arms ſhall round a rival twine!
" See thy heart bleed at every pore;
" For ſad ſincerity is thine.

" Thoſe lips, that ſhould thy rapture ſeal,
" Shall yield a foe delicious fruit;
" Ah! more than this, I could reveal ----
" But fate forbids, and I am mute:

" Yet

" Yet comfort take, for thou art dear
" To all the ſons of melody:
" Soft muſic ſhall attend thy bier
" From every corner of the ſky.

" No raven, rook, nor plaintive daw,
" But thither ſhall in ſables fly;
" And, round thy tomb, in concert caw
" A moping mournful elegy."

" Yet comfort take, for thou art dear
" To all the lore of melody:
" Soft music shall attend thy bier
" From every quarter of the sky.

" No raven, rook, or plaintive daw,
" But thicker than in fables fly;
" And, round thy tomb, in concert caw
" A moping mournful elegy."